# *TOWZER* DISCOVER'D:

OR A

# New Ballade

ON AN

# OLD DOG

That Writes *Strange-Lee.*

To the Tune of *Oh how unhappy a Lover am I.*

HOW unhappy a Maſtiffe am I,
to have all the Dogs of Renown,
Scratching their Tails and biting their Nails
for madneſs that I am in Town.

At *Towzer* they daily do bark,
*A Towzer, a Towzer* they cry;
Both the Commons and Peers would all ſhake my Ears,
I hardly know where to lie.

Poor *Towzer* they maul with Eggs,
And threaten him in every Street:
Let me die like a Dog if I know where to jogg:
For I fear even all that I meet.

I dare not walk out by day;
They ſet Dogs on the *Obſervator*:
If I walk in the Street, I fear all I meet,
But the Papiſts and my Creator.

The Papiſts will do me no harm,
My Creator will do me no good.
I'm a Son of a Bitch if I have not an Itch
To lick up the Proteſtant Blood.

That will make a Popiſh Cur fat,
And *Towzer* is ſuch an one.
Oh the Times will be well, when my Belly doth ſwell,
With picking a Proteſtant Bone.

The

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The Commons made *Towzer* run,
And hang out his Tongue for Breath;
But I crept in a Room with the Old Widdow *B——m*,
And ſo was I freed from Death.

But well may I prick up my Ears,
My Sorrows are now at an End;
The *Tantivy* Race will ſave my Dogs Face:
For they fancy that I am their Friend.

And now I'm a Whelp of Fame,
And may boldly Caper in Town:
For *Towzer* is hid (Oh God forbid)
And under a Reverend Gown.

Now *Towzer* may bark at the beſt,
And be a moſt impudent Cur:
In a Loyal Diſguiſe he broaches his Lies,
And makes a moſt damnable ſtir.

Holy Crape doth clap him o'th Back,
And in *Towzer* doth take Delight;
But he little doth dread, that in time of need
For the Papiſts Old *Towzer* will fight.

Silly Crape, now open thine Eye,
Like *Lyncæus* look within;
For ſurely thou'rt blind, if thou do'ſt not find
Popiſh Fleſh in a Proteſtant Skin.

Now he doth bark for Crape;
But anon he will bite for Pope:
I'll be judg'd by you, if he had his due,
If he doth not merit a Rope.

He divides the King and his Flock,
The Shepherd from harmleſs Sheep;
And yet he pretends, that he's their beſt Friend;
Oh, who can forbear to weep?

But Heav'ns preſerve our King
From ſuch as do uſe Deceit:
I wiſh they may ſwing like a Dog in a String,
And I hope I don't wiſh it too late.

Poor *England* ſhall then be at reſt,
And the King ſhall moſt happily Reign:
Our Joy and our Peace ſhall never more ceaſe
When ev'ry ſuch *Towzer* is ſlain.

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